

A SOCIAL LEADER OF KANSAS CITY

Attributes Her Excellent Health to Peruna.



MRS. W. H. SIMMONS.

MR. W. H. SIMMONS, 1115 E. 8th St., Kansas City, Mo., member of the National Annuity Association, writes:

"My health was excellent until about a year ago, when I had a complete collapse from overeating socially, not getting the proper rest, and too many late suppers. My stomach was in a dreadful condition, and my nerves all unstrung."

"I was advised by a friend to try Peruna, and eventually I bought a bottle. I took it, and then another, and kept using it for three months."

"At the end of that time my health was restored, my nerves no longer troubled me, and I felt myself once more able to assume my social position. I certainly feel that Peruna is deserving of praise."

"There are many reasons why society women break down, why their nervous systems fail, why they have systemic or peptic catarrh. Indeed, they are especially liable to these ailments. No wonder they require the protection of Peruna. It is their shield and safeguard."

Just a Dig.

"Of course," said Miss Ganslip, "some of the stories you hear are not worth believing."

"No," remarked Miss Knox, "they're merely worth repeating, eh?"—The Catholic Standard and Times.

The coronation robe presented to the Empress of Russia was of fur. It weighed only sixteen ounces, yet was worth \$6,000, or \$375 an ounce.

Garfield Tea, the mild laxative, is a pure, practical household remedy; cures constipation, indigestion, sick headache, colds and diseases arising from impure blood. It clears the complexion.

Indigestion.

"You say that trusts arouse your indigestion?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "It makes me very angry indeed to see those other trusts taking from the public so much money which might be expended for the particular commodity which mine controls."—Washington Star.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALTING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Misjudged His Intention.

An officer of the army told Major Whipple, of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, a veteran of the Civil War, hastened to Washington when the Spanish war broke out and offered his services to President McKinley.

But all officers, as well as men, had to undergo a physical examination, and it was stated to Major Whipple that he would have to place himself in the hands of the examining doctors at Worcester.

Now, Major Whipple, while a man of great bodily strength and perfect health and activity, was a little deficient in the matter of teeth. An examining surgeon proposed to exclude him on that account.

Whereupon the major waxed wroth. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'm going to Cuba to shoot Spaniards, not to eat 'em."

"The major went,"—Harper's Weekly.

Steps Already Taken.

"Your name is Mary McKillencumber, is it?" said the mistress. "You don't have to carry such a name as that, Mary. The courts would change it to something shorter and more convenient any time you would take the necessary steps to have it done."

"The prairie is going to change it to Mulcahy, m'am," answered the new cook, "as soon as Moke gets a place on the terrace."

England has one member of Parliament for every 10,200 electors, Ireland one for every 7,177, Scotland one for every 8,074 and Wales one for every 9,613.

BABY WASTED TO SKELETON.

In Torments with Terrible Sores on Face and Body—Tore at Flesh—Cured by Cuticura.

"My little son, when about a year and a half old began to have sores come out on his face. They began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then on his chest. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. I went to the drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any more of any kind since, and only for the Cuticura Remedies my precious child would have died from these terrible sores. I used only one cake of Soap and about three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. Mrs. Robert Shelden, E. F. D. No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1906."

Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER XX.

A whole year had elapsed since the arrival of Vandelpop in Melbourne, and during that time many things had happened. Unfortunately, in spite of his knowledge of human nature and the fact that he started with a good sum of money, Gaston had not made his fortune. This was due to the fact that he was indisposed to work when his banking account was at all decent; so he had lived like a prince on his capital, and trusted to his luck furnishing him with more when it was gone.

Kitty had joined him in Melbourne as arranged, and Gaston had married her and had established her in a place in Richmond. It was not a regular boarding house, but the lady who owned it, Mrs. Pulchro by name, was in the habit of letting apartments reasonable terms.

Meanwhile he went everywhere, was universally admired and petted, and no one who saw him in society with his bright smile and nonchalant manner would have imagined what crafty schemes were in that handsome head.

Madame Midas was still up at Ballarat and occupying the same cottage, although she was now so wealthy she could have inhabited a palace, had she been so minded. But prosperity had not spoiled Mrs. Villiers. She still managed her own affairs, and did a great deal of good with her money—expending large sums for charitable purposes, because she really wished to do good, and not, like so many rich people, for the purpose of advertising herself.

She had invested her money largely in land, and thus being above the reach of poverty for the rest of her life, she determined to take up her abode in Melbourne for a few months, prior to going to England on a visit. With this resolution, she gave up her cottage to Archie, who was to live in it, and still manage the mine, and made preparations to come down to Melbourne with Selina Sprouts.

"My faith," said M. Vandelpop, smiling to himself as he thought of the situation, "it's a capital comedy, certainly; but I must take care it doesn't end as a tragedy."

The next day Vandelpop sent a telegram to Kitty saying he would be home to dinner, and as he always required something extra in the way of cooking, Kitty went to interview Mrs. Pulchro on the subject.

First thing, it was so rarely now that he came home to dinner that a visit from him was regarded by her in the light of a treat. She dressed herself in a pretty white dress and tied a blue sash around her waist, so that she might look the same to him as when he first saw her. But her face was now worn and white, and as she looked at her pailor in the glass she wished she had some rouge to bring a touch of color to her cheeks. She tried to smile in her own merry way at the reflection she beheld, but the effort was a failure, and she burst into tears.

At 6 o'clock everything was ready, for dinner, and having seen that all was in good order, Kitty walked outside to watch for Gaston.

Suddenly she heard the rattle of wheels, and rousing herself from her reverie, she saw a hansom cab at the gate and M. Vandelpop standing on the pavement paying his fare. She also heard him tell the cabman to call for him at 8 o'clock, and her heart sank within her as she thought that he would soon be gone again. The cab drove off, and she stood cold and silent on the veranda waiting for Gaston, who snatched slowly up the walk. He was in evening dress, and the night-breeze was blowing from the west, so that she looked tall and slim in his dark clothes as he came up the path swinging his cane easily to and fro.

"Why, Bebe, how charming you look to-night," said Vandelpop, holding her at arm's length; "quite like your old self."

And indeed she looked very pretty, for the excitement of seeing him had brightened her eyes and flushed her cheeks, and standing in the warm light of the lamp, with her golden hair floating around her head, she looked like a lovely picture.

"You are not going away very soon?" she whispered to Gaston, coming close to him, and putting her hand on his shoulder.

"I'm so little of you now," he said, "my dear child, I can't help it," he said, "carelessly removing her hand and walking over to the dinner table; 'I have an engagement in town to-night.'"

"Ah, you no longer care for me," said Kitty, with a stifled sob.

"But you stay to-night," she said, looking imploringly at him.

"I have an engagement, as I told you before," he said, lazily; "besides, evenings at home are so dreary."

"I will be here," said Kitty, reproachfully.

"That will, of course, make a difference," answered Gaston, with a faint sneer; "but you know," shrugging his shoulders, "I do not cultivate the domestic virtues."

"How long is this going to last?" she asked, in a hard voice.

"That may be a long time?"

"It may."

"Perhaps never?"

"Perhaps!"

"You coward," burst forth Kitty, rising from her seat, and crossing over to him; "you make me leave my home, and now you neglect me, and have ceased to love me."

Kitty ran over to a desk near the window, and took thence a small bottle of white glass with two red bands round it. She let the lid of the desk fall with a bang, then crossed to Vandelpop, holding the bottle before him.

"Do you know what this is?" she asked, in a harsh voice.

"The poison I made in Ballarat," he answered, coolly, blowing a wreath of smoke; "how did you get hold of it?"

"I found it in your private desk," she said, coldly.

"That was wrong, my dear," he answered, gently, "you should have betrayed confidences—I left the desk in your charge, and it should have been to you."

"Listen to me," she said, in a harsh voice, with white face and hot eyes; "tonight I leave this house empty."

"As it pleases you," he replied, simply.

"Have you no love for me?"

"No," he answered, coldly at last, "I am tired of you."

She fell on her knees and clutched his hand.

I am, how my life is unhappy, and for you. I gave up everything for your sake—home, father and friends—you will not cast me off like this after all I have sacrificed for you? Oh, speak—speak!"

"My dear," said Vandelpop, gravely, looking down at the kneeling figure with the streaming eyes and clenched hands, "as long as you choose to stay here I will be your friend, but while you are with me our lives will be as they have been; good-bye at present," touching her forehead lightly with his lips. "I will call to-morrow afternoon to see how you are, and I trust this will be the last of such scenes."

So still the night was. No moon as yet, but an innumerable blaze of stars set like diamonds in the dark blue sky. A smoky yellow haze hung over the city, but down in the garden amid the flowers all was cool and fragrant. The house was dark, and a tall mulberry tree on one side of it was black against the clear sky. Suddenly the door opened, and a figure came out and closed the door softly after it. Down the path it came, and standing in the middle of the garden raised a white tear-stained face to the dark sky. A dog barked in the distance, and then a fresh cool breeze came sweeping through the trees and stirring the still perfumes of the flowers. The figure threw its hands out toward the house with a gesture of despair, then gliding down the path it went out of the gate and stole quietly down the lonely street.

CHAPTER XXI.

As he drove rapidly into town Gaston's thoughts were anything but pleasant. Not that he was thinking about Kitty, for he regarded the scene he had with her as merely an outbreak of hysterical passion, and did not dream she would take any serious step. At the hotel he picked up the evening paper and glanced over it with a yawn, when a name caught his eye which he had frequently noticed before.

"I say," he said to a tall, fair young fellow who had just entered, "who is this Meddichip the paper is full of?"

"Don't you know?" said the other, in surprise; "he's one of our richest men, and very generous with his money."

"Oh, I see! buys popularity," replied Vandelpop, coolly; "how is it I've never met him?"

"He's been to China or Chili—or something commencing with a C," returned the young man, vaguely; "he only came back to Melbourne last week; you are sure to meet him sooner or later."

Vandelpop was so occupied with his own thoughts that he did not notice two gentlemen who were in, taking seats a little to the right of him, and who were in evening dress and had appeared at the opera in order to talk business, and their voices striking on Vandelpop's ear, he glanced round at them and then relapsed into his former inattentive position. Now, however, though apparently absorbed in his own thoughts, he was listening to every word they said, for he had caught the name of "The Magpie Reef," a quartz mine, which had lately been floated on the market, the shares of which had run up to a pound, and then, as bad reports were circulated about it, dropped suddenly to four shillings. Vandelpop recognized one as Barracough, a well-known stock broker, but the other was a dark, wiry-looking man of medium height, whom he had never seen before.

"I tell you it's a good thing," said Barracough, vehemently laying his hand on the table; "Tollerly is the manager, and knows everything about the mine."

A noise disturbed Vandelpop, as a crowd of gentlemen came thronging in. Barty was among them, and he thought he would speak to him on the subject. Barty was a clever little fellow, and seemed always able to get money. Perhaps he would be able to get him out of Vandelpop's hands, and he stepped out of the balcony into the light and touched Barty on the shoulder as he stood amid his friends.

"Hullo! it's you!" cried Barty, turning round. "Where have you been, old chap? Come and have supper with us. We are going to have some of Leslie's."

"Yes, do come," urged Balthazar, a companion, putting his arm in that of Vandelpop's; "we'll have no end of fun."

Vandelpop was just going to accept, as he thought on the way he could speak privately to Barty about this scheme he had, when he saw a stout gentleman at the end of the room taking a cup of coffee at the counter, and talking to another gentleman who was very tall and thin. The figure of the stout gentleman seemed familiar to Vandelpop and at this moment he turned slowly round and looked down the room. Gaston gave a start when he saw his face, and then smiled in a gratified manner to himself.

"Who is that gentleman with the coffee?" he asked Barty.

"Those stout and lean kind?" said Barty, shrugging his shoulders. "Put one in mind of Pharoah's dream, doesn't it?"

"Yes, yes!" retorted Gaston, impatiently; "but who are they?"

"The long one is Fell, the railway contractor," said Barty, glancing with some surprise at Vandelpop; "and the other is old Meddichip, the millionaire."

"Meddichip," echoed Vandelpop, as if to himself; "my faith!"

"Do you know him?"

"I fancy I do," said Vandelpop, with a strange smile. "You must excuse me to your supper to-night."

Gaston sauntered slowly up to the coffee bar, and asked for a trifle his usual musical voice, but when the stout gentleman heard him speak he turned pale and looked up. The thin one had gone off to talk to some one else, so when Vandelpop got his coffee he turned slowly round and looked straight at Meddichip seated in the chair.

"Good evening, M. Kestrike," he said, quietly.

Meddichip, whose face was usually red and florid looking, turned ghastly pale, and sprang to his feet.

"Octave Brailard!" he gasped, placing his coffee cup on the counter.

"At your service," said Vandelpop, looking rapidly round to see that no one overheard the name, "but here I am Gaston Vandelpop."

Meddichip passed his handkerchief over his face and moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

"How did you get here?" he asked, in a strangled voice.

"It's a long story," said M. Vandelpop, putting his coffee cup down and wiping his lips with his handkerchief; "suppose we go and have supper somewhere, and I'll tell you all about it."

"I don't want any supper," said Med-

dichip, silently, his face having regained its normal color.

"Possibly not, but I do," replied Vandelpop, sweetly, taking his arm; "come, let us go."

Meddichip did not resist, but walked passively out of the bar with Vandelpop, much to the astonishment of the thin gentleman, who called out to him but without getting any answer.

Meddichip went to the cloak room and put on his coat and hat. Then he followed Vandelpop down the stairs and paused at the door while the Frenchman hailed a hansom. When it drove up, however, he stopped short at the edge of the pavement.

"I won't go," he said, determinedly.

Vandelpop looked at him with a peculiar gleam in his dark eyes, and bowed.

"Let me persuade you, Monsieur," he said, blandly, holding the door of the cab open.

Meddichip glanced at him, and then, with a sigh of resignation, entered the cab, followed by Vandelpop.

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabman, through the trap.

"To Leslie's Supper Rooms," replied the Frenchman, and the cab drove off.

Leslie's Supper Rooms, in Bourke Street East were very well known, and were soon reached by the two men.

"Now, then, sir," said Meddichip, sharply, "what did you bring me here for? You must leave Australia."

"I refuse!" asked Vandelpop, lazily, smiling to himself.

"I will denounce you as a convict escaped from New Caledonia," hissed the other, putting his hands in his pockets, and bending forward.

"Indeed," said Gaston, with a charming smile, "I don't think you will go so far as that, my friend."

"I thought it was done with," said Meddichip, twisting his fingers together, while the large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, "but here you come like a spectre from the past and revive all the old horrors."

"If you call Adele a horror," retorted Vandelpop, coolly, "I am certainly going to revive her, so you had best sit down and hear me to the end, for you certainly will not turn me from my purpose."

"We will begin the story," said M. Vandelpop, in a conversational tone, with an airy wave of his delicate white hand, "in the good old-fashioned story of our fairytale. Once upon a time—let us say three years ago—there lived in Paris a young man called Octave Brailard, who was well born and comfortably off. He had a fancy to be a doctor, and was studying for the medical profession when he became acquainted with Madeleine Adele Blondet. Octave Brailard, went on M. Vandelpop, complacently looking at himself, "was handsome, and fell in love with him. Then there came to Paris an English gentleman from Australia—name, Kestrike; position, independent; income, enormous. He saw Adele Blondet, and was introduced to her by Brailard; result, Kestrike betrayed his friend Brailard by stealing her love from him."

(To be continued.)

IN EDWARD VII.'S KITCHEN.

Dishes Borne by Relays Through Mirror-Lined Corridors.

A system unlike that to be found anywhere else prevails in the kitchen where the meals of King Edward are prepared, according to What to Eat.

The royal chef is a Frenchman, paid a liberal salary, and with free lodging near the royal palace. It is his business to superintend only the king's lunch and dinner. He has nothing whatever to do with the breakfast.

When the dinner is to be served the scene in the kitchen is one of perfect order and readiness. The cold dishes which were prepared during the morning stand on the table, surrounded if necessary by ice; the birds and other such dainties which are to be served, cooked to a second, are ready to hand.

Now the hors d'oeuvres are sent forward to an ante-room, which in the case of Buckingham Palace is nearly 300 yards from the kitchen. The assistants are clad in spotless linen, they all work by the clock and each dish is begun and finished to within a minute of the appointed time.

The chef walks around and superintends, but his assistants are so well drilled in their respective duties that he seldom needs to give an order, though here and there he offers a suggestion for the further perfection of some little dainty. During this time he is himself thinking out the final details of the masterpiece of the table, which he takes particularly under his own care.

Just outside the door of the dining hall there is an apartment where the final touches are given to the delicate and costly preparations. At Buckingham Palace it contains a hot table, upon which the dishes rest in readiness for their distribution to the table attendants.

The man who wields authority here is clad in immaculate evening dress and wears white gloves, and in a voice which is rarely raised above a whisper he gives the minutest directions as to what is to be done with each particular item on the menu from the moment when it leaves the ante-room and passes finally from his care. Relays of men and women bearers convey all these dishes from the kitchen to the ante-room.

The passages from the kitchen are long, with awkward corners in them here and there, and in order to prevent collisions in the hurry of the work an ingenious arrangement of mirrors has been effected at these corners, so that the bearers may see whether the road is clear for them.

Attendants are strictly forbidden to enter any other apartment than that with which they are immediately concerned, and even the dish bearers are prohibited from passing down other corridors than those which are set apart for their special use.

Always Ahead.

"Don't you object to your husband's poker playing?"

"Goodness, no—I like it. You see, he always plays with Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Jones and I are friends. If Mr. Jones wins, she takes the money away from him and divides with me. If my husband wins I divide with her."—Cleveland Leader.

Just the Right Time.

Stubb—I wonder why the President selected June to admit Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State.

Penn.—Because June is a great month for making two one.

Some men are like knives; in getting sharp they manage to lose more or less of their best metal.



"Take my seat, madam." "I thank you, sir, but I get off here, too."—Chicago Tribune.

Sillicus—How can a man tell when he is really in love? Cynicus—He can't tell till it's too late.—Philadelphia Record.

Jack—I hear that Miss Pussie is engaged. Dick—Is that so? Who is the happy man? Jack—Old man Pussie, of course.—Famille Journal.

"Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?" "Doesn't matter, old man. Check, money order, or cash."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mr. Bach—I suppose you find that a baby brightens up the house? Mr. Benedict—Yes; we burn nearly twice the gas we used to.—Boston Transcript.

"That new roomer paid two thousand dollars for that violin he practices on." "I wish he'd trade it for a ten-dollar violin he could play."—Detroit Free Press.

Chairman—I'm sure we be all very sorry our secretary is not here to-night. I cannot say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face.—Punch.

"I am afraid, darling, you will very soon forget me." "How can you think so—see, I have two knots in my pocket handkerchief."—Megendorfer Blatter.

"Most 'th' of 'em married men I know threat their wives like a rockin'-chair, a great comfort when they're tired, but apt to be in 'th' way at other times."—Mr. Dooley's Disquisitions.

"Do you think you could learn to love me?" the young man inquired. "Learn to love you?" exclaimed the rapturous maid. "Harold, I could give lessons at it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Why force your child to learn figures at so early an age?" "That's all right. I want him to be able to tell the number when he is knocked down by an automobile."—Ellegende Blatter.

Chairwoman (mending carpet)—I never thought as 'ow I should come to this, m'm. Me that was well educated that afore I was married I couldn't even make a beef pudding.—Punch.

"But you know, madam, that in Turkey a bride never sees her husband before the wedding day." Lady (wife of an inveterate clubman)—How odd! We never see our husbands after!—Literary Digest.

Her Husband—If a man steals—no matter what it is—he will live to regret it. His Wife—During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me. I said: "Harold, I could give lessons at it."—Chicago News.

Proud Owner of New Cottage—I've been wondering what creepers to put on the cottage. Which do you think would be best, John? The Gardener—Well, sir, one of them Virginias would cover it up quickest.—Punch.

"A woman always insists on having the last word," remarked the man who thinks he knows human nature. "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, grimly, "and, as a rule, also the first word and most of the intermediate words."—Washington Star.

She—Did you enjoy the opera last night, Herr Schwarz? He—No. I couldn't hear anything. She—Why not? He—Two ladies sat in front of me and chattered the whole evening about how much they loved music.—Kleiner Witzblatt.

Passenger (in slow train, to conductor)—I say, what on earth is this train crawling along so slowly for? Round the corners we hardly move at all. Conductor—Ah, but you see, sir, we have ten baskets of eggs in the baggage car.—Megendorfer Blatter.

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. "Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?" "Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."—New York Press.

"Do you think that people will ever be able to secure a perfectly satisfactory government?" "I doubt it," said Senator Sorghum. "History shows that no government has been perfectly satisfactory to more than one person at a time, and he was the one who happened to be the boss."—Washington Star.

Andrew Jackson's Education.

During each winter for two or three years after he had reached the age of 7 Andrew Jackson was sent to the old field school of a Mr. Branch. After this the attended the select school which a Presbyterian preacher, the Rev. Dr. David Humphreys, taught in the Waxhaw settlement. He appears to have been going to this higher school in the spring of 1780, when the invasion of Tarleton created a panic in that portion of the Carolinas. At some later period of his youth he is said to have attended the old Queen College or seminary at Charlotte a couple of terms, but the time is not definitely known.

As to education, therefore, it may be safely stated that Andrew Jackson enjoyed much more than the ordinary advantage of a backwoods boy of his time. At the age of 10 he had become so good a reader that he was often chosen to read the newspaper to the assembled neighbors, and he remembered with pride in after years that he had thus had the honor of "reading out loud" the Declaration of Independence upon its arrival in the Waxhaw. For a lad of 10 this was, indeed, something to remember with honest pride.—Thomas K. Watson, in Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine.

Ageing.

"Mary Ellen Lease says men have not improved any since the days of Adam."

"Mary is older than I thought."—Houston Post.

A man can keep a secret, if it is a mean story on himself.

TOWNS BUILT ON CRATERS.

Earth Girdled by Three Hundred Active Volcanoes.

Some of the wonders of the volcanic world were graphically described in a lecture at the London Institution recently by W. Herbert Garrison, F. R. G. S., who has climbed volcanoes in all parts of the world.

"The greatest noise on record," he said, "was made by the eruption of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, in 1883. Here are a few striking facts about the eruption that Mr. Garrison mentioned: It caused a cloud seventeen miles high."

It was heard 3,000 miles away. If it had taken place in Cornwall it could have been heard in New York, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Cairo and Greenland.

The velocity of the explosion was three times that of an